

Appomattox Bugle

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VOLUME 1

APPOMATTOX, VA., NOVEMBER 30, 1926

NUMBER 1

Class History

THE FIRST GRADUATES OF A. H. S.

Class of 1910

Class Roll

Ethel Abbitt
Jacqueline Atwood
Lynolee Atwood
Mary Babcock
Cabell Foster
Louise Gills
Jamie Gills
Grace Hancock
Venona Sears
Fannie Taylor
George Turnes

Class Colors
Lavender and Gold
Class Flower
White Rose
Class Motto

"Tonight we launch;
Where shall we anchor?"

The class of 1910 is known as the first graduating class of the Appomattox Agricultural High School. It was organized in 1909, with James Pitzer Gills as president, who served very efficiently in that capacity. Each member of the class was very zealous and energetic, and there were no slackers in our ranks. Sometimes the way would seem rough and steep, but as we look back through the years gone by, memory paints a picture of "school days" as among the happiest days of life.

We felt a great pride in being the first class to seek knowledge within the walls of the new building, and we deemed it a rare privilege to sit under the voice of such able and efficient instructors as Prof. Lindsay Crawley, Miss Lena Reeks and Prof. W. E. MacDonald. As we look back a little farther in life, memory lingers around those days when we were being taught "Reading, Writing and Arithmetic" by Miss Edmonia V. Hardy, whom we all loved and love still.

One of our number, Grace Hancock, has passed to the "realms beyond", and anchored in the "Haven of Rest". She was a favorite among her classmates, and always came to our rescue when there were any problems to be solved.

Jamie Gills holds a responsible position with the Appalachian Power Co. George Turnes is practicing medicine. Louise Gills has become famous as a writer of poems and short stories. The other girls of the class, with one exception, have launched out into the sea of matrimony, and are busy with household duties.

CABELL FOSTER SMITH

The Senior Class Organized

The Senior class organized Sept. 20, the following officers were elected: President, Richard McDearmon. Vice-president, Josie Jamerson. Secretary-treasurer, Margaret Smith. Cheer leader, Eugene Carson.

Class Roll

Eugene Carson
Andrew Coleman
William Ford
Richard McDearmon
Clyde O'Brien
Joe O'Brien
James Stephenson
Theibert Trent
Clarence Poe
Richard Jenkins
Katie Anderson
Eleanor Chilton
Nannie Sae Chilton
Evelyn Cullop
Eva Doss
Marion Dillon
Thelma Ferguson
Frances Ford
Corinne Hancock
Josie Jamerson
Lucille Joy
Lucille Marshall
Carrie Martin
Frankie McKinney
Sadie Reynolds
Francis Smith
Margaret Smith
Naomie Thomas
Mary Trent
Ruby Upton
Elizabeth Clark

Edward Ramsey—I bought a car yesterday.

Louie C.—What kind is it?

Edward—It's an ash.

Louie—You mean a Nash.

Edward—No, ash, second-hand Cole.

The Student Government Committee

Senior Class

Richard McDearmon, chairman.
Joe O'Brien
Theibert Trent
Eugene Carson
Clyde O'Brien
Margaret Smith
Corinne Hancock
Josie Jamerson
Thelma Ferguson

Junior Class

Hallie Burnett, chairman
John Harvey
Edward Ramsey
Floyd Denkins
Onomore Wright
Lucy Le Grand
Florence Gilbert
Mary Jamerson
Sarah Dickerson

Sophomore Class

Louie Cawthorn, chairman
Homer Babcock
Willie Morris
Billy Cawthorn
Alfred Sawo
Virginia Puckett
Lucy Smith
Grace Hubbard
Eleanor Harwood

Freshman Class

Alfred Harwood, chairman
John Hesson
Charles Crawley
Holcolm Caldwell
Glady Inge
Pay Babcock
Mary Featherston
Francis Colman
Charlie Jones

LITERARY SOCIETIES

The Wilson and Lee Literary societies met and re-organized, each with the determination to surpass the other in Literary Art. The following officers were elected for the first term:

Lee Society

President, Eugene Carson.
Vice-president, Thelma Ferguson.
Secretary, Corinne Hancock.
Treasurer, Edward Ramsey.
Censor, Richard McDearmon.
Critic, Mrs. H. M. Welch.
Page, Sadie Reynolds.
Chaplin, Sarah Dickerson.

Wilson Society

President, Theibert Trent.
Vice-president,
Secretary, Frankie McKinney.
Treasurer, Mary Trent.
Censor, Margaret Smith.

FORMER GRADUATES LIKE TO RETURN

One of the best things that can be said about any institution is the attitude of its former graduates and pupils. The principal states that it is a special source of pleasure to him to know that many of his former pupils desire to return and teach under him after having attended higher institutions and prepared themselves for their respective classes. This session there are six former graduates of the school now teaching in this particular school, with all of its faults seems to appeal to the former pupils. Mr. Crawley states that he could have as many more if there were places for them. Among those who have returned and are making good are: Miss Nola Burkey, Miss Elva Stratton, Mrs. W. W. Scott, Mrs. Ola Furush, Miss Elaine McDearmon, Miss Kate O'Brien and Miss Gladys Van Volkenburgh. It is reported that there are 32 others now located in the schools of the county. For some reason they left time to come back. We admire this spirit.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Social season opened when Mrs. Justin Burkey entertained the Senior class at a Halloween party.

On November 5th, the Sophs had their first class party of the year.

On November 12th the Rats enjoyed a party at Prof. L. Crawley's.

Great pride was felt by the student body when Mrs. W. L. Ould presented to Lucy Le Grand a medal, won by writing the best essay in the county on the prohibition subject.

The vocational educational classes have organized an F. F. V. club, known as the Future Farmers of Virginia.

The following were elected:

President, Richard Jenkins.
Vice-president, Homer Babcock.
Secretary, William Ford.
Treasurer, Andrew Coleman.
Advisor, R. W. Wilkins.
Reporter, Eugene Carson.
Sergeant-at-arms, Cliff Plunkett.

Critic, L. Crawley.
Chaplin, John Harvey.
Page, Lucy Le Grand.

Here lies what's left
Of Twyman Henry;
Match in gas tank,
Up went hen—

THE APPOMATTOX BUGLE

Published Monthly by
Commercial Dept. of A. H. S.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor, Thelbert Trent.
Business manager, Eugene Carson.
Senior editor, Joe O'Brien.
Junior editor, Edward Ramsey.
Sophomore editor, Dora Abbott.
Freshman editor, Charles Crawley.
Literary Editors
Wilson Society, Richard Jenkins.
Lee Society, Frances Ford.

Sport Editors

Girls, Eleanor Harwood.
Boys, Richard Deearmon.
Joke editor, William Ford.

NOVEMBER 30, 1926

EDITORIAL

Due to unavoidable causes, this, the first issue of The Appomattox Bugle, is somewhat late in making its appearance. The purpose of this paper is, first, to arouse school spirit; second, to give practice of knowledge gained in the business course, and third, to let those who have gone off from this school know what their school is doing.

We are glad to give the alumni a bit of information, which they will probably be glad to hear. Appomattox High is now approaching the high standards of other schools, in that they are raising their marks from quantity to quality. It has been so if a boy passed with a seventy-five he was recommended to college, but now when he graduates, if he has been doing his best and making more than just seventy-five, he is distinguished by having some qualitative units, which will help as a recommendation.

Again, how about the fellow who tries hard and does not make as high a grade as his classmate who just knows it without studying? Should he not be awarded for his effort? There is being a large reward given to that fellow this year at old A. H. S. If he tries he gets A on application. If another boy does not have to do his best to pass he gets B or C on application. Then I say a due reward is made for him who studies. Then it is the desire of the staff that every member of the Appomattox High School will take advantage of the opportunity which is now presenting itself. It is he who makes a success in high school who will be the one who makes a success in future life. We are now preparing and training ourselves for that which is yet to come. Now let us strive onward and upward, and adhere to the calling of better things, and to our ambition, until we are perched on the top round of the ladder.

T. M. T.

Some interesting data furnished us by Principal L. Crawley, from the state high school report just published:

Cost per pupil for the Appomattox High School, \$35.52 per session; average cost per pupil in high schools of the state, \$62.91. Appomattox High School is teaching high school pupils at a saving of 45 per cent below the average cost in the state. The question now arises, is it doing efficient work? According to Supt. Hart the school is 82 per cent efficient—higher than the average efficiency of high schools in the state.

The enrollment here is larger than at Farmville, Crewe, Chase City, Scottsville, Alta Vista, Blackstone, Warrenton, Galax, Lexington, Marion, Orange, Culpeper, Big Stone Gap, Wytheville and Williamsburg, all of which are town or city schools, and the cost at many of the above mentioned schools runs from \$60.00 to \$100.00 per pupil, and employ from 8 to 15 teachers, while at Appomattox there are only four regular teachers and two special teachers.

The cost per pupil in the nearby counties is as follows: Charlotte C. H., \$102.70 per pupil, over twice as much as Appomattox; at Amherst C. H., \$69.00; at Bedford, \$55.80; at Dillwyn, \$54.00; at Farmville, \$74.00; at Prospect, \$79.00; at Concord, \$54.00.

When it comes to the grades the average cost in the state is \$22.10, while in the grades here the cost is only \$15.09 per pupil per session. Are we proud or ashamed?



ONLY YOU

"Say, Frances, I'm going your way. Gee, you look sweet this morning. What have you been doing to yourself? I wish I were good looking like you."

Sidney Hicks was on his way to school and he had quickened his pace when he saw Frances Smith, who was also on her way to school.

"Oh, only you," Frances replied very indignantly.

"Sure it's me. Who did you think it was, Ralph Perkins?" Sidney laughingly remarked.

At the mention of Ralph's name Frances' face turned crimson. This made her all the more beautiful, for

she was a blonde. Her long, light curls always tantalized the boys at school, and her sky-blue eyes when turned upon anyone always made their heart leap. Seeing Frances blush was no new thing to Sidney, for he loved to make her do it.

"Do that again," Sidney teasingly uttered.

"You horrid boy," was the haughty reply of Frances as she walked off and left Sidney very much perplexed.

Frances had not gone more than a block before she saw Ralph Perkins on the opposite side of the street. Being timid, she did not fix her gaze on Ralph, but looked straight ahead of her. Ralph soon noticed Frances and quickly stroled over to her side.

"Good morning, Frances. How are you this morning?"

"Oh, I am feeling fine," was the soft, sweet answer. "And you?"

"Couldn't feel better I don't believe," Ralph emphatically responded.

Soon their conversation came to an end, for they had reached the school and it was time to go in.

Frances, Ralph and Sidney were all in the same grade. There was many a shy glance at Ralph, but poor Sidney, although he sat and about Frances, never did get a sweet or shy glance at her. Sidney was soon so downhearted he could hardly recite his lessons, while Frances and Ralph progressed rapidly.

One day as the history lesson was being conducted, the teacher asked Sidney who the virgin queen was. Sidney, absent-mindedly muttered, "Frances."

The whole class was in an uproar. All except Frances, for she was blushing, and so was Sidney, after he noticed his mistake.

After this Sidney paid better attention in class and gradually pulled up his low marks. Finally in his senior year he was at the head of his class. Frances and Ralph were right at his heels.

Alas! The senior class had a "weenie

(Continued on Page 3)

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ONLY YOU

(Continued from Page 2)

roast." Ralph wanted to take Frances, but was a little frightened to ask her, for he thought Sidney would sure get her to go with him.

Wednesday night Ralph walked up to her boarding place and rang the door bell. Soon he heard light footsteps from within, the door was slowly flung open and Frances stood before him in a lovely scarlet dress, made of soft, clinging material.

Ralph gasped for breath, as he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life as this young girl who stood before him now.

"Frances, I have only dropped by to ask if you would go to the theatre with me."

"I'd be delighted, Ralph," was the sweet response.

Friday night after the "weenie roast" Ralph and Frances talked a while on the porch before saying adieu. Suddenly Frances was aware that Ralph was looking right into her eyes.

"I love you, Mary," he whispered, as he drew very close to her.

"I guess it's time for me to retire," said Frances sternly.

Time passed and Frances gave Ralph no chance to pursue the subject further. Ralph and Sidney both went to the same college and struggled hard to rank first in their classes, and also athletes. Frances, being a lover of the outdoors, also practiced running and basketball and other exercises, and plays. Frances had gone to a college which was only a mile away from the college which Ralph and Sidney were attending. Track day came and the students of both colleges were participants. Frances had been sick and was not strong enough to join in these activities.

Frances was standing in the front line where she could plainly see all that was going on. "Oh!" she gasped as she watched the five hundred yard dash. "I hope the boy—that cute boy wins," she uttered under her breath. Although she was on the front row

she raised on tiptoe and almost held her breath, because she was so intensely excited. The race was finished and the "cute boy", as Frances called him, had won.

Frances listened eagerly to hear the winner's name.

"Hicks, first place," came the report of the coach across the wide expanse. "It can't be Sidney," Frances thought to herself.

At this moment the coach called out the second. "Perkins, second place," came the loud, gruff voice again.

Frances was almost overwhelmed, for she knew that the first and second winners were her old acquaintances, Sidney and Ralph.

A shout arose from the students and the cheer leaders made yell after yell ring across the large, green field.

The day after college was out the boys and girls went on a hike to a nearby mountain. Near the foot of the mountain was a cave and some of the pupils wished to enter it but were a little afraid. Frances soon spied the cave and thought she would be the only one to go into it. She skillfully climbed into the cave and just as she dropped to the bottom she heard a growl. Thinking it was some mischievous boy she vigorously shouted, "Who is there?"

There was no response except a heavy breathing near her feet. Oh, this was exciting! She soon forgot about being afraid and with a mighty blow she struck at the bear and hit him a hard blow on his nose. She started for what she thought was the entrance of the cave, but stumbled over something. She fell flat on something furry. At once she knew she was in a bear's den. She picked up a little cub and rushed it to the cave entrance. She was almost out when she heard a very low growl. She knew that the mother bear was just recovering from the blow.

When Frances stood up again on level ground she was greatly astonished for she was surrounded by a group of boys who had heard the growl of the bear. "Look what's here," they exclaimed in chorus as they drew near-

er to Frances, who was clinging to the little cub.

A gruff growl was heard below, and all the boys scampered but one. This one was Sidney Hicks.

"Come, Frances," he said, while taking the cub in one of his arms and catching hold of Frances with the other hand.

Both were swift runners, and soon reached a level spot. Here they stopped to rest for a while, as they were very, very tired. After resting, they continued their journey. After several hours of walking they arrived home safely and were always good friends. And she still called him "only you."



ATHLETICS

The A. H. S. Athletic association organized at the beginning of the year with the following officers:

President, Richard McDearmon.

Vice-president, John Harvey.

Secretary-treasurer, Eugene Carlson.

Cheer leader, Joe O'Brien.

Coach, R. W. Wilkins.

The A. H. S. team were to play Prospect High Nov. 5. Although Prospect failed to appear the boys opened the season with a victory of 21 to 4 against the town team.

Better times are coming by and by.

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Richard Jenkins: (Having killed a lady's puppy): "Madam, I will replace the animal."

Lady: "You flatter yourself."

Louise Fletcher was talking to a man who is employing her.

Where were you employed last?

In a doll factory, sir.

And what were your duties there?

Making eyes.

Very well, you are engaged, but please don't demonstrate when my wife is around.

How to Reply:

The following luncheon story will be appreciated by all men.

A group of men were talking; one asked a question. He received the reply, emphatically, "No".

You should answer like a diplomat. When a diplomat says no, he means maybe; if he says maybe, he means yes; if he says yes, he is no diplomat. Or in case a lady is asked for a kiss: If she says no, she means maybe; if she says maybe, she means yes; if she says yes, she is no lady.

Several traveling men in a Chicago hotel were boasting of the business done by their respective firms, when one of the drummers said:

"No house in the country, I am proud to say, has more people pushing its line of goods than mine."

"What do they sell?" they asked.

"Baby carriages!" he said, as he ran from the room.

William Ford sneered at careful folk, But he hasn't sneered since his axle broke.

John Harvey would never be passed, He bragged his car's endurance, He passed six cars with backward glance, His Sara has his insurance.

He tried to cross the railroad track, Before a rushing train; They put the pieces in a sack, But couldn't find the brain.

Eddie had a pair of field glasses at school.

Katy A., said: "With those things, ten miles in front of you, look behind you."

Customer—I want some consecrated lye.

Druggist—You mean concentrated lye.

It does nutmeg any difference, that's what I camphor.

What does it sulphur?

Fifteen cents. I never cinnamon with so much wit.

Well I should myrrh-myrh! Yet I ammonia novice at it.

Richard McDearmon—Mary, I have been waiting to ask you a question for weeks.

Mary—Well, Richard, I have had the answer waiting for months.

Eugene Carson had a calf.

Oh, how it did statter!

In place of every quart of milk,

It gave a pound of butter.

Si—I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look, I cut it off, b'gosh.

Hi—Wal, I had a face like yours once, but when I realized I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard, by heck. —Right Way Magazine.

Pat was a new hand in the packing room. One of the packers called out to him, "Pat, bring me some excelsior to pack this vase in."

"Excelsior?" said Pat. "Phwat's that?" "You know, that stuff that looks like hay."

"Oh, it's that long sandust ye mane?" said Pat.—Exchange

Statistics

Killed, by gas, in 1925—32 inhaled it, 140 lighted matches in it, 5000 stepped on it.

"Poor old Smith has gone to see a doctor."

"What's wrong?"

"He's got water on the knee."

"Then he had better wear pumps."

Customer—What leather makes the best shoes?

Shoe Salesman—I don't know about that, but banana skins make the best slippers.

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6—Violets for new stenog. .65

8—Week's salary for new stenog. 15.00

11—Roses for new stenog. 3.00

15—Week's salary for new stenog. 20.00

15—Candy for wife over Sunday .75

19—Lunch with Miss \$10.00

22—Lillian's salary \$25.00

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26—Fur Coat for wife 625.00

26—Adv. for male stenog. .50

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